

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL

1911-1936



*Illustrijs Piius sacerdotibus Thomae Price et Jacobo Antonio Walsh ab grande
opus intentis erigendi in America seminario pro exteri Missionibus gratulanti
ex animo et pfecta gaudio ac felicitate a Domino adjuvanti, nec non Illustri
pariter benefactoribus, qui ad hoc opus perspicuum copiosissime, gratis et
benevolentis animi deffunt, apostolicam Benedictionem plenam inter impetrant.*

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis die 30 Junii 1911.

Hum. P. X.

FOLLOWING the authorization of the *SACRED CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA FIDE* in Rome to begin the work of Maryknoll, on June 29, 1911, our founders, Fathers Walsh and Price, were granted the privilege of a private audience with Pope Pius X.

On that occasion the saintly Pontiff remarked that work for pagans abroad would react favorably on the work of the Church in America. He wrote, under his own portrait, a blessing for the new work, for its founders, and for its benefactors. A photograph of this blessing appears on the front cover of this issue, and a translation follows:

TO our beloved priestly sons, Thomas Price and James Anthony Walsh, for their great project and work in establishing in America a Seminary for Foreign Missions, and, with devout congratulations, imploring from the Lord every salutary blessing for them and for our beloved children, also, who, as benefactors, will assist them in that undertaking, we affectionately impart, as witness of our interest and lasting favor, Our Apostolic Blessing.

Given at the Vatican, June 30, 1911

Pope Pius X.

The Field Afar—the Magazine of Maryknoll

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

IN THE UNITED STATES

Central Administration and Seminary are at Maryknoll P. O., New York, about thirty miles north of the metropolis.

Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges—These are at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Los Altos, California.

Other Maryknoll Houses are located as follows:

New York City, at 103 Park Ave.
San Francisco, Calif., at 1492 McAllister St., corner of Scott.

Los Angeles, Calif., at 1220 South Alvarado St.

Seattle, Wash., at 1603 East Jefferson St.

Detroit, Mich., at 2979 Blaine Ave.

Maryknoll Japanese Missions.
At Los Angeles, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers, 426 South Boyle Ave.; or Maryknoll Convent, 425 South Boyle

Ave. At San Juan, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers, San Juan Bautista Mission.
At Seattle, Wash., Maryknoll Convent, 507 Seventeenth Ave.

House of Study in Rome, Italy, at Via Sardegna, 83.

Probationary (Novitiate)

P. O. address: Bedford, Mass.
Telephone: Billerica 708

EASTERN ASIA ADDRESSES

China—

Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, China

For Bishop Walsh and Priests—Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung, China

For Msgr. Meyer and Priests—Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi, China

For Bishop Ford and Priests—Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Msgr. Lane and Priests—Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Sisters of Manchukuo—Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo

For Sisters in Hong Kong—Maryknoll Convent, 103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

Korea—

For Msgr. Morris and Priests—P. O. Box 23, Peng Yang, Korea

For Sisters—Maryknoll Convent, Catholic Mission, Yeng You, Korea

Japan—

For Fr. Byrne and Priests—53 Nishiki, Otsu, Japan

Philippine Islands—

For Priests—

St. Rita's Hall, Manila, P. I.

For Sisters—

St. Mary's Hall, Manila, P. I.

Hawaiian Islands—

For Priests—

1701 Wilder Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii

For Sisters—

1722 Dole St., Honolulu, Hawaii

ASSOCIATES

EVERY subscriber is registered as a member of the C. F. M. S. and remains such until the subscription expires. A life subscriber, on payment of fifty dollars within two years, becomes a Perpetual Member.

Members share in ten thousand Masses yearly. They also share in the labors, sacrifices, and privations of the missionaries.

CABLE ADDRESS:

Maryknoll — Ossining, N. Y.

BEQUEST FORM

I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., (Maryknoll)

..... (here insert legacy) to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

The Founders



THE REVEREND THOMAS FREDERICK PRICE, OF WILMINGTON, N. C. (LEFT), AND THE REVEREND JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, OF BOSTON, MASS., LATER CONSECRATED TITULAR BISHOP OF SIENE. THE ABOVE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN 1918



MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



In Thanksgiving

1911-1936

Maryknoll celebrates its Twenty-fifth Birthday.

We make a prayer of looking back and it is a prayer of thanksgiving. The voice of gratitude whispers persistently as we glance at the panorama in retrospect.

Gratitude to our Founders. There were moments when they sowed in tears. They moved uncertainly in the shadow and bent over what seemed unpromising furrows. But today even the shadows have deepened into shrines and the furrows fruited in harvest.

The body of Father Price lies in Happy Valley Cemetery in Hong Kong; that of Bishop Walsh we have laid to rest here on Sunset Hill. There is a poignancy in our recollections this June 29th—the Twenty-fifth Foundation Day—as we record the absence of these two who animate all as we gaze back over the years. But the sorrow only heightens our sense of obligation.

Gratitude to the Church's leaders.

In Washington, in 1911, Catholic America's Hierarchy gave the first impulse to Maryknoll. In June of that same year the benign eyes of Pope Pius X rested on Fathers Walsh and Price as he blessed their project, and through this quarter of a century the Holy See has continued to look upon Maryknoll with benignity.

The Church's leaders in the United States have made Maryknoll their own. They have given from among the choicest of their vocations. They have encouraged their priests and their people to lift their eyes to the far horizons and to make sacrifices that American missionaries might be standard bearers in the advance of Christ across the world.

Gratitude to our fellow priests.

In the days of the beginnings, when men arched their brows at mention of foreign missions, it was above all priests, with vision found in the sanctuary, who gave their encouragement and their personal possessions that Maryknoll might have birth and might prevail.

Through the years it has been the priest who, in the greatest number of cases, has led the way. More frequently than we can say, the young man who has sought to come to us as an aspirant missionary has explained that he received his first impulse from a priest. So often Maryknoll, on being the recipient of a gift from someone hitherto unknown, has learned that it was prompted by a word of praise from a pastor or curate or member of a religious institute who, since seminary days, has reserved a corner of his heart for America's foreign mission enterprise.

Gratitude to the Religious. Among the most ardent, the most enthusiastic, the most constant and the most whole-hearted in their devotion to Maryknoll have been the Sisters and Brothers who in the classrooms of America have held up before the eyes of the young whom they formed, the ideal of missionary dedication. Among the first to pledge their aid to Maryknoll were the Carmels of America and other similar houses of prayer.

Gratitude to the laity. Some with great possessions have helped Maryknoll, for among the wealthy as among the poor there is nobility of heart.

But Maryknoll has been built for the most part of generosity steeped in sacrifice. In the courts of Heaven Maryknoll is most beautiful, we feel sure, because its substance is woven in so great degree from the offerings of the poor, whose gifts have been holocausts of love offered in sweet simplicity and lowliness that God may reign.

"And to God be glory." To men the gratitude of full hearts. But to God the obeisance of our entire beings, for "every best gift is from above".

They shall remember Thy name throughout all generations.

Therefore shall people praise Thee forever; yea, forever and ever.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



The House of the Beginnings—

to which on a raw evening of September, 1912, journeyed from the Society's "Bethlehem" in temporary quarters at Hawthorne, N. Y., seven Maryknoll pioneers, crowded into a carriage built for four. "We clung to some oil lamps that were to give us our first heat and light in our new home," wrote the chronicler, "and our hearts were glad."

Maryknoll's permanent home on a hill overlooking the Hudson River, just north of the town of Ossining, N. Y., had been secured after many a "foraging party" in the lower Hudson Valley. The beautiful site was ideal. According to the recommendation of Cardinal Gibbons it was located at some distance from city life, and yet was within the radius of a populous Catholic zone where the knowledge of the foreign missions had already been to some extent cultivated.

The Seminary opened with six students, and two aspirant Brothers. The women auxiliaries were sheltered in a colonial cottage nearby. So began Maryknoll's world apostolate, in humble circumstances which tempt us to think back to the first Twelve.

It was from its original wooden farmhouse quarters that the Maryknoll Seminary, in September of 1918, sent to the Orient its first messengers of the Glad Tidings.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



Sigurd Fischer photo

The Maryknoll Center at Twenty-five—

is a slightly stone edifice, very different from the "Nazareth" which sheltered our pioneers. When its foundations were dug, in 1920, the Maryknoll General admitted that their extent was "frightening", but he added: "This is the story of all work for God—the *Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence.*"

The Chinese say of the picture of the Maryknoll Center that it is *wai yin*, which literally means "beautiful severity". The graceful Oriental lines of its symbolical tower, capping its rugged strength, are in themselves a "Story of Maryknoll".

Only our Theologians now study at the Center, the Philosophers having been transferred to our College at Clarks Summit, Pa. Another stone building on the Center compound serves as administrative and office quarters for "The Field Afar".





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



A Colonial New England Farm House—

and a transformed barn at Bedford, Mass., shelter the Maryknoll Novitiate. The buildings contain, at their present stage of development, accommodations for thirty-six novices, two priest directors, and several Brothers.

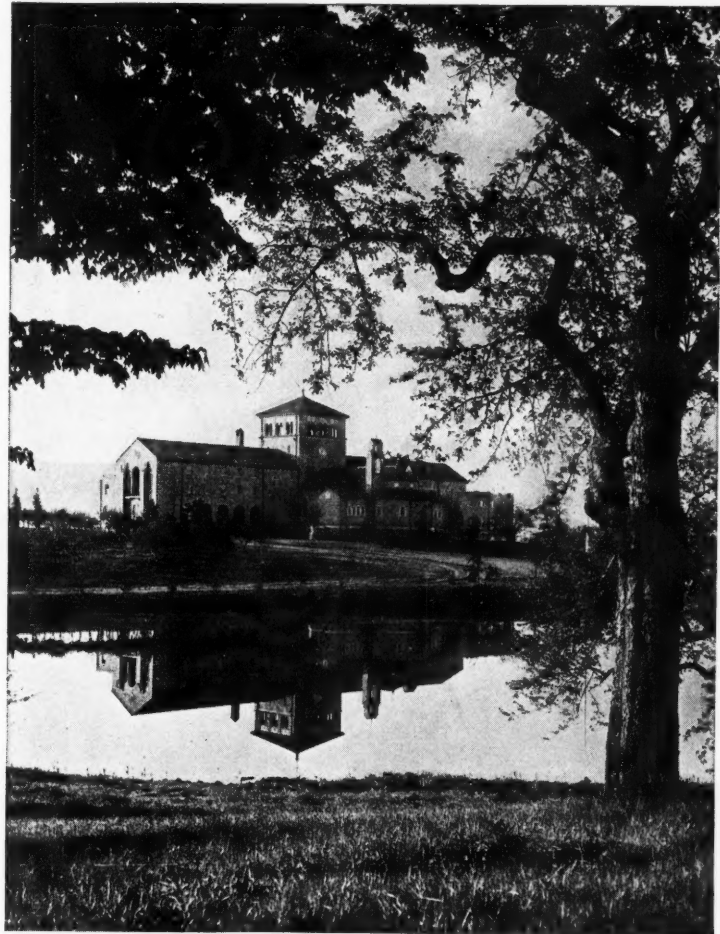
The first distinct novitiate of the Society was established in 1932. The novitiate year, between the Philosophy and Theology Courses, is a time of intensive spiritual preparation and deepening of the Maryknoll spirit.

The novitiate site was acquired on very easy terms, owing to the warm interest of Cardinal O'Connell, who graciously welcomed Maryknoll to an Archdiocese around which so many of its early memories cling and which has done so much to forward its growth.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



"Big Brother" Among Our Colleges—

the Clarks Summit, Pa., Maryknoll now has our full Arts Course under its roof, including the two years of Philosophy.

Maryknoll's oldest College began as a Preparatory Seminary and was opened in 1913, with Monsignor Raymond A. Lane, the present Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll-in-Manchukuo, as its pioneer student.

Housed at first in a rented building at Scranton, Pa., like the Mother Knoll it went through various throes of pioneering. A permanent site was secured for it in 1916, eight miles north of Scranton.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati-

in 1929 welcomed a Preparatory Maryknoll to his Archdiocese. Last year a foundation was made in Detroit, which it is hoped will soon also provide a house of training.



Seated on a California Knoll-

the Los Altos Preparatory Seminary was opened in 1926. It was made possible through the generosity of the late Father McQuaide, noted pastor and military chaplain of San Francisco.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



The Maryknoll School Bus—

laden with bright-faced, almond-eyed sons and daughters of Nippon, and driven by a Maryknoll Brother, has become a familiar sight in the cities of Los Angeles and Seattle.

It was in 1920 that the Ordinaries of Los Angeles and of Seattle asked Maryknoll to take up work among the Japanese in their respective dioceses.

Maryknoll Sisters laboring under the Fathers' direction have done fine educational work for the Japanese in Los Angeles and Seattle, in which cities they also have orphanages.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



*Bishop James
E. Walsh
of Kongmoon*

Many Thousand "Thieves of Paradise"—

have been baptized in the *Maryknoll Kongmoon Vicariate* of South China since our pioneer mission band began work there in 1918. The Vicariate has a population of six millions, chiefly merchants and farmers, among whom there are over 8,000 Catholics. It includes San-cian Island, where St. Francis Xavier breathed his last, and there, on May 22, 1927, its first Vicar Apostolic, Bishop James E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., was consecrated. In the Kongmoon field is Maryknoll's first Leper Asylum.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



*Bishop Francis
X. Ford
of Kaying*



"Queen of Heaven" Shrine-

is the name of this pagan temple in the Maryknoll South China *Vicariate of Kaying* and our missionaries among the sector's 2,600,000 Hakka inhabitants look forward to the day when the shrine will be dedicated to Heaven's *real* Queen.

The Kaying field was assigned to our Society in 1925, and in the Maryknoll decade of occupation the Catholic body has risen from 4,500 to 9,511. Bishop Francis X. Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., its first Vicar Apostolic, was consecrated at Maryknoll, N. Y., in September of 1935, by our late Superior General.

The Hakka Chinese, originally from North China, are a sturdy and intelligent people of whom Bishop Ford says: "They will make, when christianized, a splendid body of upright Catholics." Just now an extremely promising movement of conversion is under way in the Kaying Maryknoll.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



*Msgr. John
E. Morris
of Peng Yang*

Old Folks in Korea-

where poverty is widespread, are not always so fortunate as these inmates of a Maryknoll home for the aged.

The Society's *Peng Yang Prefecture Apostolic* in Korea, across the Yalu River from the Manchu Maryknoll, is at present its mission field the most fruitful in conversions. Monsignor John E. Morris, of Fall River, Mass., was able last year to record 1,977 adult converts, and his field ranked first in the whole of the Japanese Empire. When the pioneer Maryknollers went to the Peng Yang sector in 1923, it had 4,890 Catholics. Today the figure stands at 15,264.





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



"Henry" Wins Manchurian Fans-

in the Maryknoll *Fushun Prefecture Apostolic*, fifteen hundred miles north of the Society's South China fields.



*Mmgr. Raymond
A. Lane
of Fushun*

The Manchukuo Maryknoll includes the very large and important cities of Dairen, Antung, and Fushun, and counts within its confines, besides the Manchus themselves, immigrants from China proper, Japanese, Koreans, and a number of White Russian refugees. It has among its 2,500,000 inhabitants upwards of 6,653 Catholics.

Maryknollers began active mission work in the Fushun sector in 1927 and steady progress has been recorded, although advance has been much hampered by the disturbed political condition of the country. The field was erected into a Prefecture Apostolic in 1932, with Monsignor Raymond A. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., as its first Prefect.

Monsignor Lane says of his Mission: "Its people, mostly of the agricultural class, are simple and make good subjects for the propagation of Christianity. For the Church Maryknoll-in-Manchukuo is a land of great opportunities."





MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



The Old Imperial City at Kweilin-

in the South China Maryknoll *Prefecture Apostolic of Wuchow* harbored in the seventeenth century a branch of the Ming dynasty one of whom, Constantine, was the only Catholic to ever lay claim to the Chinese throne. But this early Christian development had long been obliterated when, in 1927, Maryknollers began work in that arduous field, and they found only one built-up mission center, surrounded by less than 200 Catholics.

Catholics in the Wuchow Prefecture now number 3,309, and the average of converts per priest was last year sixty, the highest in South China.

The Wuchow field is admittedly one of the most difficult Missions in China. Its 5,500,000 inhabitants are for the most part still illiterate and impoverished beyond imagination. Travel is mostly by foot, coolie chair, or native boat. Life here has been reduced to its simplest terms.

The Wuchow Mission was erected as a Prefecture Apostolic in 1934, with Monsignor Bernard F. Meyer, of Davenport, Iowa, as its first Prefect. In the southern portion of the Prefecture, Cantonese is the predominant language; in the northern portion, around Kweilin, Mandarin is spoken by the majority of the people.



*Msr. Bernard
F. Meyer
of Wuchow*

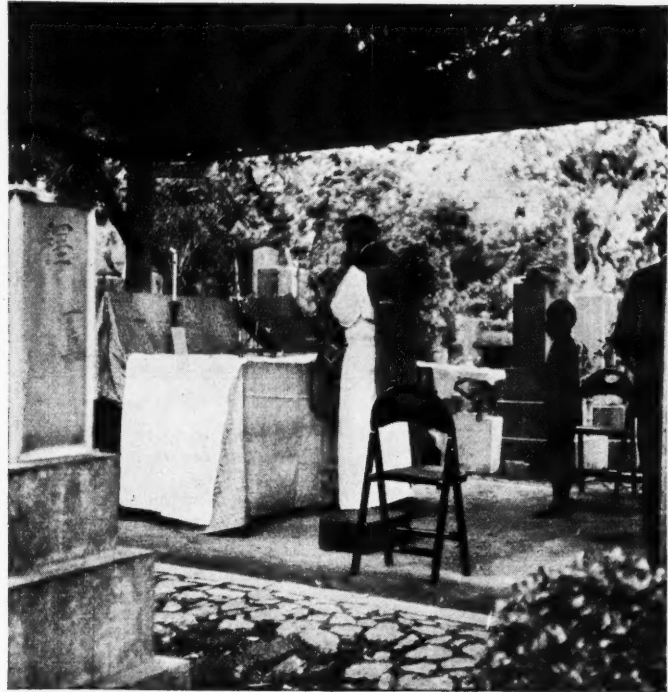




MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



V. Rev. Patrick
J. Byrne
of Maryknoll
in Japan



All Souls Day in Japan—

In a pagan cemetery at Otsu, on the shores of Lake Biwa in Central Japan, Maryknoll's Father Patrick J. Byrne, of Washington, D.C., says Mass for the souls of the few Catholics buried there.

Father Byrne is the Superior of the *Maryknoll Mission in Japan*, still in its infancy. One of the Maryknollers preparing under his direction for active mission work among this people called by their first apostle, Saint Francis Xavier, "*the delight of my soul*", writes: "These lovable people welcome us and are grateful for any kindness shown them. They are extraordinarily inclined to see all that is good and honest, and have an eagerness to learn. Their charming disposition and friendly manner delight one."



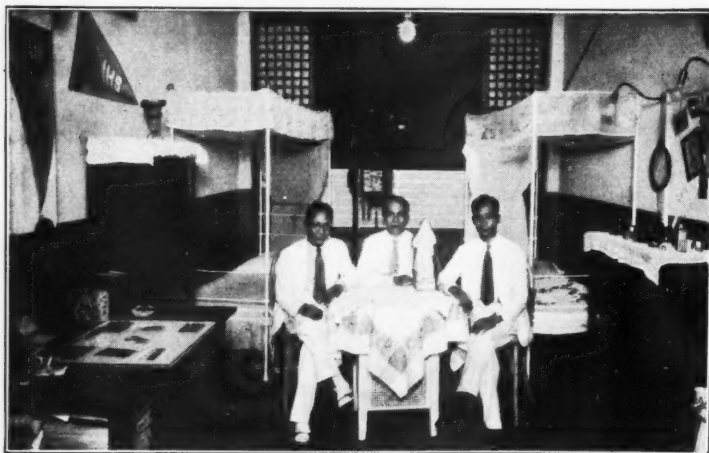


MARYKNOLL AT TWENTY-FIVE



Maryknoll in Mid-Pacific-

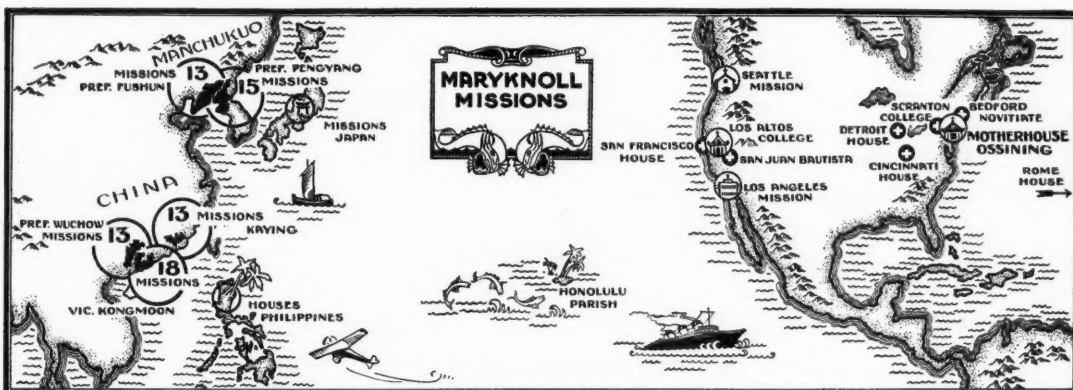
In Hawaii the Maryknoll Fathers have been given by Bishop Alencastre the care of the *Sacred Heart Parish* in Honolulu, and Maryknoll Sisters teach in Catholic schools of the Islands.



In Manila-

the primary end of the work of the Maryknoll Fathers has been the management of Archdiocesan Halls of Residence for men attending non-Catholic universities.





The Silver Milestone

As a young priest, Director of the *Propagation of the Faith Society* in Boston, Bishop Walsh occasionally spent a day of rest at a beautiful New Hampshire estate which was called "The Knolls". Later, when the foundation of a foreign mission seminary was contemplated, this place of retreat suggested to him that the new property be named the Knoll of Mary—"Maryknoll".

From the designation of the property, "Maryknoll" came to be the popular name of the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America*.

Homeland Houses of Preparation—

The *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America* on its Silver Anniversary counts 539 members, of whom 204 are priests, 76 are Brothers and 255 are students. The Theological Seminary, with its course of four years, is located at the Center. The Novitiate, where the aspirants pass the year immediately preceding Theology, is located at Bedford, Massachusetts.

Maryknoll College, with classes equivalent to the four years of the Arts Course and thus embracing the two years of Philosophy, is located at Clarks Summit, near Scranton, Pennsylvania. Junior Seminaries are to be found in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Los Altos, California, while a third is planned for Detroit, Michigan.

At the Mission Front—

The first Maryknoll missionaries crossed the Pacific in 1918. The total of priests and Brothers overseas now numbers 165,

working in six different fields with care of almost 25,000,000 pagan souls.

Each of these six mission fields is the geographical equivalent of a large American diocese. In South China there are the Vicariates of Kongmoon and Kaying and the Prefecture of Wuchow, in Manchukuo is the Prefecture of Fushun, in Korea that of Peng Yang, while in Japan there are the beginnings of a field about Lake Biwa.

The Harvest—

Most precious fruit of Maryknoll mission labors is the more than 5,000 adult converts baptized yearly, besides the 4,500 children and dying who likewise receive the waters of salvation. In every Maryknoll field provision is made for training native clergy and the students total 212. Each Mission likewise is building up a community of native Sisters.

Scores of institutions of charity and almost 100 schools have already been opened, while in South China a leper asylum cares for almost 300 inmates.

The Maryknoll Sisters cooperate in all these fields of the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society*. Of their total of 511 members and candidates, 209 are already overseas.

Lumen Christi—

God has found it in His designs to use the Maryknoll idea. "I am come to spread fire on the earth," says Our Divine Lord, "and what would I but that it be kindled." It is a simple matter to win God's *placet* if we will but engage ourselves to carry into pagan darkness the Torch of Faith.

Primum Regnum Dei!

How I Happened to Develop a Sp

By the late Cofounder and Superior General of Maryknoll, the Most Rev.



FOREMOST AMONG THE AMERICAN PRELATES WHO FROM THE FIRST BELIEVED IN MARYKNOLL, AND SO EXPRESSED THEMSELVES, WAS THE LATE GREAT JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. IT WAS HE WHO PRESIDED AT THE ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED STATES HIERARCHY, WASHINGTON, D.C., APRIL 27, 1911, WHICH GAVE TO THE MARYKNOLL PROJECT THE SEAL OF ITS APPROVAL AND TO OUR FOUNDERS THE PERMISSION TO START



OT infrequently in these past twenty-five years I have been asked how I happened to develop a special interest in foreign missions.

There is not much to the answer. As a child I recall being impressed by the story of abandoned infants as related by our Sunday School Director, an old Jesuit priest in Boston, who easily persuaded a number of us boys to gather a small monthly offering for the *Holy Childhood Society*.

I was in the group, but doubtless ceased activities when I left

the "small boy" class, and it was not until I was well along in Theology at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, that my interest was again aroused, this time by a Sulpician, Father André, who used to show me the letters of a former confrère, written from Japan, and for whom we sponsored a catechist.

A Providential Appointment—

Launched into an assistant's work in a large city parish, with no foreign mission activity on its long list of duties, interest in the world-wide apostolate was not active.

It revived somewhat with the organization of the *Society for the Propaga-*

tion of the Faith in the Boston Archdiocese, but to another of the assistants was given its direction in the parish and I went no further than to secure for myself a special membership and to glance occasionally at the "Annals" which I found, as a rule, quite unrelated to American Catholic interests.

The zealous organizer of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* in Boston was Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, who gave himself so full-heartedly to the work that he broke under it and felt himself obliged to resign from his position in 1903.

I read of his resignation in the daily paper and, strangely enough, a thought flashed through my mind that I might be asked to succeed him. I saw no reason, however, why I should be selected and gave the matter no more thought till about a week later when I happened to be in the little garden of the rectory and noted a bearded man on the steps before the front door, whom I recognized as Dr. Joseph Freri, the National Director of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. Again the thought came that his business concerned the successor of Dr. Tracy. When a few minutes later I was called to the parlor, I found this was true and that his request for my services had already been approved by the Archbishop.

I asked for two days in which to consider his proposal and at the end of that time, finding no solid reason why I should refuse, and knowing that among my other interests there was hidden an attraction to the cause of foreign missions, I accepted.

Two days later I took over Dr. Tracy's duties, with headquarters in a little office near the Cathedral in a small, old frame building which has since been destroyed.

I was left free from all other clerical responsibilities, parochial and diocesan, to develop the work to which I was now assigned. Fortunately, too, Dr. Tracy had, during his time, visited nearly all the parishes of the Archdiocese and broken the ground. Gradually I became aware of the fact that our own country was hardly represented in the personnel of the mission field and it was next to impossible to get in touch with English-speaking missionaries from whom

a Special Interest in Foreign Missions

the Most Reverend James Anthony Walsh, M.M., D.D., Titular Bishop of Siene

I could secure articles and photographs to make interesting appeals.

"THE FIELD AFAR" Appears—

I approached Father Freri on the subject of supplementing the "Annals" with a magazine, but he felt that there was practically no chance of securing the necessary material, which was all diverted to the general offices in France of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*.

It then occurred to me that, trusting in Divine Providence, I might inaugurate a local publication, establish direct correspondence with missionaries, and with the addition of some good photos use their letters for copy.

I next talked with three other priests, two, Father James Stanton and Father John Lane, of the Archdiocese, and the third, Father Bruneau, S.S., of the Brighton Seminary. They felt that there would be a place for the publication and we organized, each contributing a comparatively small amount, and decided to begin it the following January. We chose the format and the title of the magazine, but agreed not to make known its ultimate purpose, to encourage foreign mission vocations in our own country, with the hope that some European Society would consent to start a seminary here.

I made known these ideas to my Ordinary and early in January, 1907, "THE FIELD AFAR" appeared. The little paper soon proved its worth in awakening and strengthening interest and the subscription list mounted quite steadily, so that by 1911 it had about five thousand subscribers.

Meanwhile Archbishop Williams died and was succeeded by Bishop, now Cardinal, O'Connell who interested himself in the status of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* and the purpose of "THE FIELD AFAR" and gave the magazine his approval.

The Founders Meet—

It was not until 1910 that there appeared any sign of the possible establishment of a house for the training of foreign missionaries. That was the year of the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, where I had a providential meeting with Father Thomas F. Price,

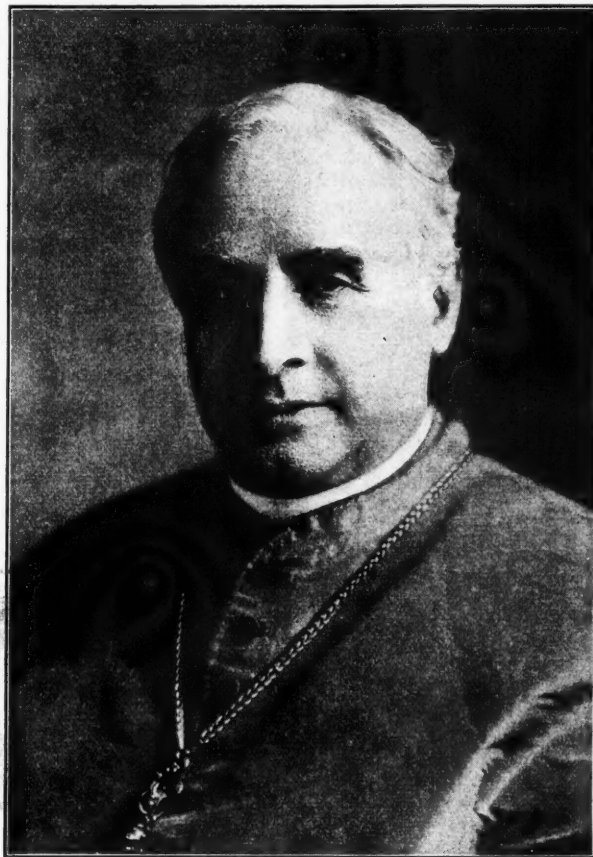
whose apostolic work in North Carolina was known throughout the country.

Father Price had been following my work and frankly asked me what was in my mind in regard to a Foreign Mission Seminary. When I told him the purpose of "THE FIELD AFAR" was actually the fulfillment of this idea, his own similar desire was made known and he suggested that we work together, a welcome proposal, as at that time for many reasons I felt quite helpless to act alone.

Father Price had been a classmate of Cardinal O'Connell at St. Charles' College in Ellicott City, near Baltimore, and when he had the opportunity he

came to Boston, visited his former classmate, and made known the subject of our conversations in Montreal. The then Archbishop manifested his interest and suggested that Boston would be a good place in which to start a Seminary for Foreign Missions, but that this Seminary should be organized and staffed by American priests. This eliminated the idea of having a European Society establish a branch here. Alone, I had not gone beyond the thought of the European branch, but with such an associate as Father Price I was easily brought to the conviction that a purely American Society would be best.

Father Price returned to North Caro-



HIS EMINENCE THE LATE CARDINAL FARLEY OF NEW YORK WELCOMED MARYKNOLL TO HIS ARCHDIOCESE AND NEVER CEASED TO FATHER IT. HE ONCE SAID THAT WHEN MARYKNOLL'S FIRST MISSIONERS LEFT FOR THE ORIENT HE WOULD CHANT HIS *NUNC DIMITTIS*. HE DIED WITHIN TEN DAYS OF THE DEPARTURE OF OUR FIRST MISSION BAND, IN SEPTEMBER OF 1918

lina, but on the way stopped to confer with Cardinal Gibbons who was actually his Ordinary. Cardinal Gibbons thought the project should be referred to the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop, later Cardinal, Falconio; and while in Washington Father Price called on His Excellency who immediately showed keen interest, but felt that the enterprise should be national, and should be brought before the hierarchy of the country for approval, after which Father Price and I should go to Europe for permission from the *Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide* to establish the proposed Society and to secure the blessing of the Holy Father.

The Approval of the Maryknoll Project—

Father Price was personally acquainted with not a few members of the hierarchy to whom I was not known, and we took the time to visit as many as possible. A circular letter went out then from Cardinal Gibbons to the Archbishops, who in turn called for the opinions of their suffragans, and at the meeting of the Hierarchy held in Washington, in April, 1911, the subject was taken up, the idea encouraged, and Father Price and I commissioned to go to Rome without further delay.

At Rome, thanks to the kindness of the Secretary of *Propaganda*, Archbishop, later Cardinal, Laurenti, our petition was acted on without undue delay and on June 29, 1911, we received from Cardinal Gotti the much coveted authorization and from the Holy Father, Pius X, his paternal blessing.

Father Price—

In concluding this brief summary of our beginnings, I would emphasize the fact that in my estimation it was Father Price's activity that made possible what had seemed so remote till Divine Providence brought us together.

I know, too, that even more helpful than his labors were the prayers which this holy man offered for the new Society, and which we are certain have been continued ever since before the throne of God.

Maryknoll Borrowings

OUR twenty-five-year-old Maryknoll has already borrowed



THE LATE FATHER JAMES F. STANTON, PASTOR OF HYDE PARK, MASS., WAS A "FIELD AFAR" FOUNDER

from the vast treasury of the Universal Church certain devotions, emblems and devices, which we have come to regard with the strong affection of a family love and which have been inextricably woven with the golden memories



FATHER JOSEPH BRUNEAU, S.S., THEN OF THE BRIGHTON SEMINARY, WAS IN 1907 ONE OF THE PRIESTS WHO ASSISTED FATHER WALSH TO FOUND "THE FIELD AFAR"

of pioneer days.

Over every Maryknoll altar hangs a dove, recalling to all the virile devotion of our first Superior General to the Holy Spirit, and his simple and utter dependence on the guidance and counsel of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

Our Lady, Queen of Apostles, has ever been the Mother of all Maryknollers, her maternal protection extending alike to the little mud chapel in the bamboo grove and to her own Knoll. Into the gracious hands that have shaped Maryknoll the young student trustingly puts his future, under her statue the new messenger of the Glad Tidings departs, and at her feet the seasoned missionary comes to lay his sheaves—how much due to her only heaven knows.

Devotion to Our Lady also recalls Maryknoll's other founder, Father Price. And, in this association, it includes for us a special love of Saint Bernadette, the little shepherdess chosen as the humble instrument of the Immaculate Conception's mission message: *Pray and work for the conversion of countless millions now perishing.*

November twenty-first, the Feast of the Presentation and the birthday of the young French missionary-martyr, Blessed Théophane Vénard, the inspiration, under God, of so many Maryknoll vocations, has from the beginning been the day on which our new students are invested with the cassock and cincture. February second, the Feast of the Purification and the day of Blessed Théophane's birth into heaven by the glorious portal of martyrdom, is also a special Maryknoll Feast, and is celebrated at our Clarks Summit College, which bears his name, by a public Triduum.

The Chi-Rho is our universal emblem. It figures on all our altars, and on the covers of *THE FIELD AFAR*. On the cinctures of Maryknoll priests and Brothers it

TRULY THE FINGER OF GOD IS IN THE WORK OF MARYKNOLL,

is red, like the Precious Blood of Our Lord, shed for the salvation of *all* mankind; and on those of the Sisters it is blue, the color consecrated to the handmaid of the Divine Missioner.

This emblem is an abbreviation of the Greek word for Christ, and, surrounded by a circle, it symbolizes His mission to the world.

On the cover of the first issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*, January, 1907, appeared the text: *To those who love God all things work together for good.* In more recent years these words, expressing our pioneers' unshakable faith that God will never be outdone in generosity, have continued to appear monthly as a heading for our editorial pages.

Primum Regnum Dei, Seek ye first the Kingdom of God (St. Luke 12, 31) was the episcopal device of our Founder and first Superior General, Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

This noble text expresses the purpose of Maryknoll—the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth, and the strengthening of His reign in the individual soul.

Why They Came

HOLLAND is famous for its tulips—likewise, incidentally, for its missionaries.

For centuries Dutchmen have lavished on their gardens the tender care that accounts for the beauty of gorgeously tinted "chalices" nodding on delicate stems. So it was that a horticulturist in Westchester County, not far from the Maryknoll Seminary, wishing to emulate the achievements of his Holland forebears in tulip-culture, brought from the Netherlands a young man in his early twenties, beneath whose touch the plants seemed to grow as by magic.

While tending his tulips, the lad had long been dreaming of other chalices, golden against snowy altars and ruddy with the Price of our Redemption. He wished to be a priest in lands most in need

of priestly help. Yet, never had the opportunity for the needed education seemed to be at hand.

And now, after coming to America to follow his ancestral trade, he found that he was living within walking distance of the new American Seminary for foreign missions. He visited Maryknoll and was encouraged. Then he studied Latin in the hours he could spare from his flower beds, and on Sundays came to the Seminary where student friends helped him with the language of the



FATHER JOHN I. LANE, OF BOSTON, MASS., WAS THE FOURTH "FIELD AFAR" FOUNDER. HE JOINED FATHERS WALSH AND PRICE AT MARYKNOLL'S BETHLEHEM IN HAWTHORNE, AND DIED A MEMBER OF OUR SOCIETY

Church. Now he is a priest in South China, and doubtless there are tulips in his mission garden.

Extraordinary are the ways in which God leads some to the Maryknoll portion of His vineyard.

Ignatius wounded at Pampeluna is called to mind by the case of the youth who was "too busy to think about his vocation" until the age of nineteen, when an injury to his leg confined him for five weeks to a hospital where he whiled away the weary hours by reading the lives of martyred priests in the missions. The ex-

perience led him to Maryknoll and later to Korea.

Then there is the case of a lad who was studying Latin at a New York City night school in order to go on for the priesthood. A fellow-student spoke to him of Maryknoll and brought him copies of *THE FIELD AFAR*, mentioning his own intention of entering the *Vénard* (Maryknoll's Pennsylvania Preparatory College) the coming term. The friend remained behind, but when he learned that the new *Vénarder* had been drowned soon after his arrival at the College he wrote, "I will carry on for Tom, if the Lord so allows". He is still "carrying on" in the Orient.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay his life down for his friends." This saying of Christ printed on a calendar clinched the argument in favor of foreign missions for a young seminarian who had been wondering about it for years. A new missionary still, he has but recently received his first active assignment in the Maryknoll Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

In most cases the vocation to the priesthood preceded, often by many years, the call to the foreign missions, and it is a joy to read of the part which devout Catholic fathers and mothers played in fostering both the one and the other. One of our young priests first had his mind turned toward the foreign field by hearing his father praise a priest who had given up a prosperous parish in order to go to China; and the thought was nourished by his grandfather, a noted St. Vincent de Paul worker, who made sure that the boy regularly saw *THE FIELD AFAR*.

All of which reminds us that, various as are the ways by which the thoughts and footsteps of young men are directed toward Maryknoll, they come, after all, because God calls them!

CAN you give your life to the foreign mission apostolate? If not, will you help by your prayers and sacrifices those who have?

HOW BOUNTIFULLY HE HAS BLEST IT! — CARDINAL O'CONNELL.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



A HEART can hunger, thirst, yearn. We know a Heart that does. And being a Great Heart with love without limit, It has an infinite hunger, thirst and yearning for a return love from all mankind.

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come," is a prayer not merely to bring happiness to men, but to bring joy to God Himself. It is, as it were, an act of mercy, a desire to ease the pain of God's unrequited love.

**Go ye into the whole world,
and preach the Gospel to every
creature.**

THE quarter of a century which has sped by from the foundation of Maryknoll to its Twenty-fifth Birthday has brought us a world much changed from the pre-War days of 1911. It is noteworthy that one of the few phases of human activity whose general state has decidedly improved during the period is the Church's foreign mission movement.

eign mission movement.

This poor little globe of ours is not in very optimistic mood these days. Men who are able to peer out over wide horizons are not enthusiastic. Particularly among the young, whose privilege it is to look through rose-colored glasses, to paint bright pictures of the future, is there a singular want of buoyancy, of confidence that better times are ahead.

In religion, men outside the Church and in feel that the world possesses less freedom to believe and to follow what is believed than it did a quarter of a century ago. The Church has always had its battle somewhere on the globe, but today the battles are many, and to age-old, petty persecution is added the new phenomenon, the cleverly directed and world-wide opposition of Communism.

**The harvest indeed is great,
but the laborers are few.**

YET in the field of missions the Church has gone forward. When Fathers Walsh and Price knelt for the blessing of Pope Pius X, foreign mission priests totaled approximately 7,500, mission Brothers were 2,500, while mission Sisters numbered something over 9,000, giving us thus a foreign mission army of nineteen or twenty thousand.

Today our foreign mission priests reach 13,000, the Brothers 6,500 and the Sisters 35,000, a total increase of the foreign forces from the 20,000 mentioned above to approximately 55,000.

Similar very definite evidence can be had in every other phase of the apostolate. Not only are more foreign workers overseas, but the native sons and daughters entering religion have heavily increased. Native priests and native Sisters have more than doubled, while the

MARYKNOLL has a Silver Anniversary Problem. Help us solve it. (See back cover.)

students for the priesthood in mission lands have tripled, in number. The place of the native forces in the conduct of the Church in the outer world has become so important that it is a guarantee against retrogression if ever trouble comes in the future.

The annual harvest of converts during the period has increased until today the missionaries are baptizing 450,000 adults yearly. Our works of charity and education are much more numerous and better administered than a quarter of a century ago.

Best of all, in view of the difficult times, the organization, the definition of policies, the general morale of the mission world have taken enormous steps forward under the two great missionary popes, Benedict XV and Pius XI. We boast today of two great missionary encyclicals, the like of which are not recorded in all history, and both are offsprings of this period.

The entire mission body moves forward at its task today with a discipline and a spirit of conquest which have not been equaled for centuries.

Indeed, if men would take courage and find hope, let them turn their eyes on the world of missions which is energetically on the advance, despite the storms and woes of Europe and America.

**Pray ye therefore the Lord
of the harvest, that He send
forth laborers into His harvest.**

IN our homeland of the Stars and Stripes, the change since 1911 is still more marked. When Father Walsh and Father Price launched Maryknoll, Catholic America had barely a score of missionaries overseas. Today the figure approaches 2,000.

A quarter of a century ago the missionary responsibilities of the Catholics of the United States were limited to a few fields in North America. Today, instead, on us depends the spiritual destiny

IT IS THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA

of a hundred million souls, principally in the Far East and India. Nineteen societies of priests, with whom work many Brothers, and thirty-six societies of Sisters now participate in America's missionary labors. One by one during the years since the founding of Maryknoll these societies have assumed the duty of sending contingents to the field from their homeland ranks.

In every diocese of the United States today an appointee of the bishop or archbishop has the task of promoting material cooperation with missions. From their efforts and those of the societies sending personnel, several millions of American dollars are gathered annually for the spread of the Faith. The sum is still small in relation to the needs; yet, in 1911, men stood aghast when it was whispered that Catholic America contributed as much as \$100,000 yearly to mission work.

Times are troublous and the future is not bright, but the vigor and idealism which the Church displays in her labors to win non-Christians to the Cross is a pledge to the future that Christianity is to continue as the great world bulwark against chaos.

And Jesus, seeing the multitudes, had compassion on them; because they were distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd.

TODAY the Community of the *Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic*, the Maryknoll Sisters, with over half a thousand members, is practically as large as the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America*.

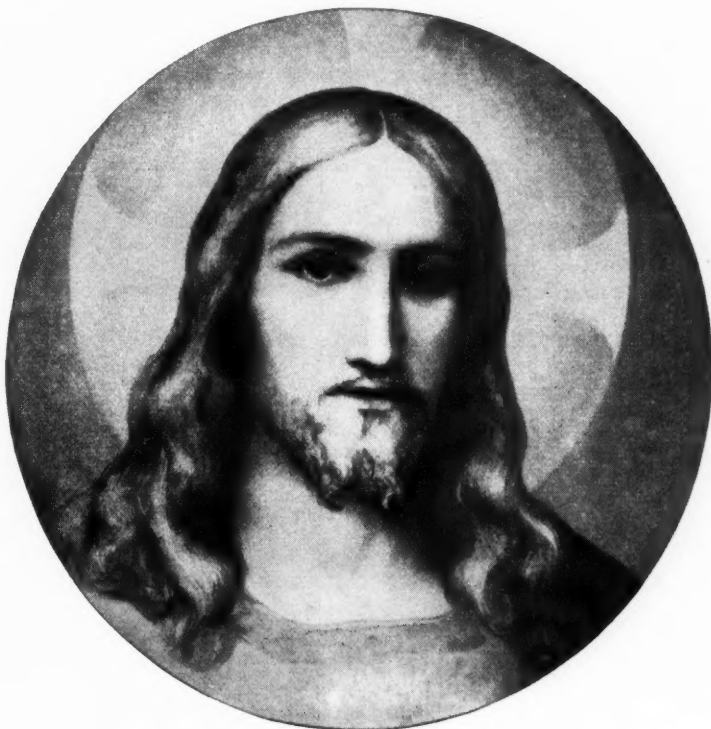
What the Maryknoll Sisters have given already to the cause of the missions is written only in the Golden Book; no one has fully recorded it and probably no one will. Men are selfish and thoughtless and hence the Maryknoll Fathers will be negligent in this, while the Sisters themselves in

their Motherhouse, a minute's walk up the road from us, will never tell the story.

At least, however, let it be written for this Twenty-fifth Anniversary that a great part of the labors from which God has drawn profit

after busy, fleeting years in Far Cathay, recorded as follows his strong impression of the miraculous:

"When a man has been ordained to the priesthood in a little farmhouse, a member of a practically unknown soci-



O SACRED HEART OF JESUS, ENABLE OUR MISSIONERS TO ENKINDLE IN SOULS NOW SHROUDED IN PAGAN DARKNESS THE FIRE OF THY DIVINE LOVE

through Maryknoll for souls has been contributed by the selfless women who have dedicated themselves so unmeasurably to every form of activity which could prove a contribution to the cause.

What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?

A MEMBER of Maryknoll's original little mission band of four, on revisiting Sunset Hill

ety, surrounded by a tiny coterie of confrères, and then after years under the banyan trees of South China comes back to gaze upon what Maryknoll has meanwhile become; such a one will, if he has eyes, review this glorious fruition of a bold dream with an unhesitating persuasion of the miraculous.

"I would never have imagined it", and, "Who would have thought it possible?" are the trite expressions on his still American lips; but this is only his way of saying, "I am convinced it was not humanly possible, and hence the finger of God is here."

TO HAVE OUR MISSIONERS GO FORTH. — CARDINAL HAYES.

From "Secretaries" To Maryknoll Sisters

By Mother Mary Joseph Rogers, Mother General of the Maryknoll Sisters



HERE is nothing more astonishing than life, just as it is, nothing more miraculous than growth and change and development, just as revealed to us. Only five years

ago, as I sat at my desk in Rosary House (before the Sisters' occupancy, the original Pro-Seminary) and watched the new Motherhouse growing up across the road, a deepening feeling of unreality came over me and, when asked to write about our Sisters and our Mother Mary's house across the way, I found that I turned back first to Maryknoll's early days—somewhat in sympathy with that old lady in the Mother Goose Book who, on waking up to find her petticoats cut all 'round about, was seized with the unshakable conviction that, "This can be none of I!"

Then the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America* was celebrating its twentieth birthday; now its Silver Anniversary is here. At such times, we pause and look back. And, as happens so often when we stop to regard God's work, there is nothing to do but wonder and thank Him, realizing how little we planned, how little we achieved—and yet how much has been done!

The "Secretaries"—

Although the two organizations are separate, both ecclesiastically and civilly, the beginning, growth and history of our Sisterhood is inextricably bound up with "Maryknoll", the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America*. Gratefully, we share both its name and its work. When the Society consisted of exactly three priests and six *expected* students and an auxiliary force of one man-of-all-work and was catered for by an endless chain of cooks who came, their wonders to perform, and went, with or without warning, there were three young women who were its "sec-

retaries", their title admitting them to the right to do any number and kind of useful tasks in connection with the publication of *THE FIELD AFAR* and the promotion of the cause of the future Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

The little rented houses which sheltered the Society, *THE FIELD AFAR* and "the secretaries" had nothing winning about them—save that, to all, they both re-

Arriving in September of 1912, I found everything astir over two great events: the incoming of the first group of seminarians, and the impending move to the recently bought property on Sunset Hill above Ossining,—the *real* Maryknoll.

A Dream Comes True—

Clinging to some oil lamps which would supply both heat and light for the new Foreign Mission Seminary, a quite recently vacated country house, most of the Fathers and students left Hawthorne one raw Wednesday evening, September 18th, seven of them crowded into a carriage built for four. By the following Sunday they were completely at home and in Retreat at that dream come true, *Maryknoll*.

I like to recall that mine was the privilege of being the first of our Sisters to cook for the Seminary. Frightened by the isolation of the new Maryknoll, the cook fled during the night, and a bewildered "father" of a cookless family called on us for help as soon as the desertion was realized. For a month, with the aid of some local talent, I had the joy of serving, as Mary did, a household consecrated to God. From then on, whenever the need has arisen, our Sisters have, in the spirit of Nazareth, ministered in this way to the Maryknoll Society.

The publication offices and secretaries followed us more leisurely and on October 15th we were ensconced in St. Teresa's Lodge, one of those hundreds of historic farmhouses where the Father of his Country is reputed to have stayed. An added sense of security came with this move into a permanent home.

Father Walsh—

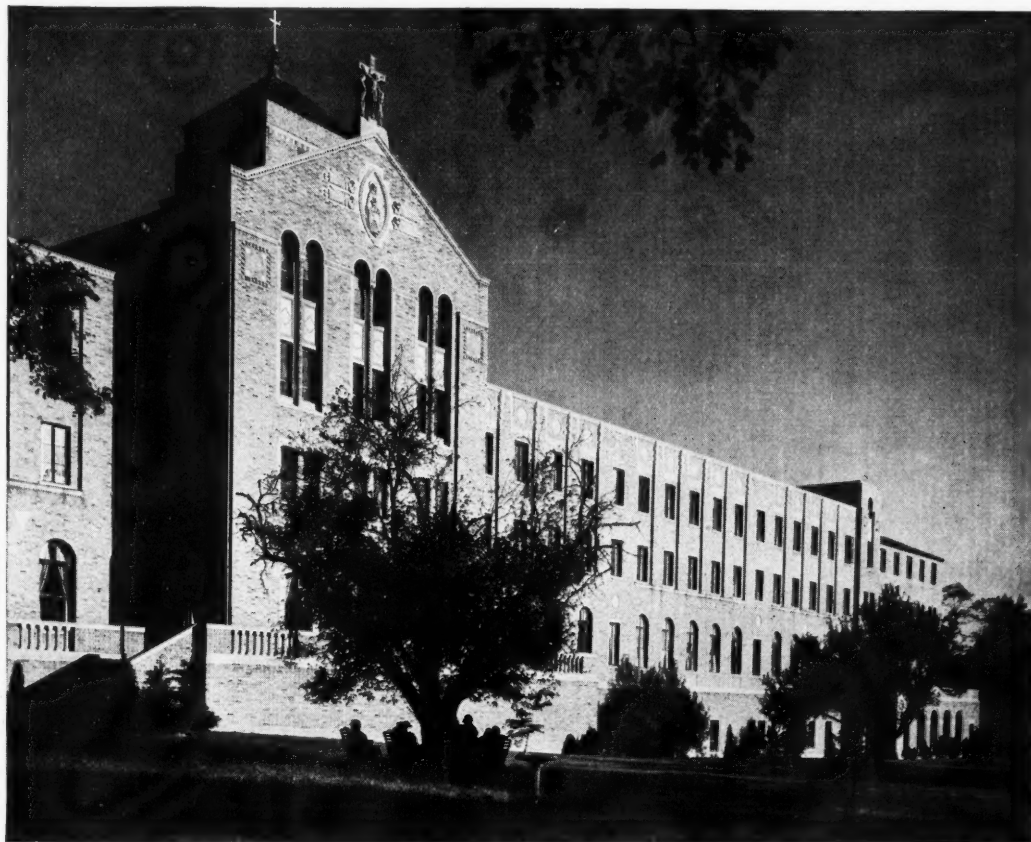
Although occupied with the work of *THE FIELD AFAR*, with winning both religious and lay folk to a love for the missions, with meeting and entertaining visiting clergy and keeping up a wide correspondence with missionaries on the field, as well as putting his whole heart and soul into the all-important work of training the new seminarians, Father



MOTHER MARY JOSEPH VISITS DAUGHTERS OF SOUTH CHINA. WITH HER IS SISTER ROSE LEFFELS, OF SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

newed and represented Bethlehem; and, too, a sweet significance was found in the name of Hawthorne, the little hilly Westchester town so undecoratively dotted by our wooden homes—for the hawthorn stands for hope. That was had in abundance, and little else besides. Hope? Why, the infant Society and its secretaries lived on it. Daily, typed letters went to the village post office on stationery bearing the heading "Maryknoll", when "Maryknoll" was still a dream title for a permanent Seminary yet unbuilt.

IT MAY BE SAID THAT MARYKNOLL HAS BEEN



THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' MOTHERHOUSE

"As happens so often when we stop to regard God's work, there is nothing to do but wonder and thank Him"

Walsh ever had time and interest for the "devout, female" side of his growing family.

To both groups he was a model of punctual, gracious observance of the regulations of the common life, to which he subjected himself with lovely simplicity. Never robust, but blessed with great spiritual vitality and boundless zeal, he brought to his work an extraordinary power of concentration and a rare gift for organization and set a rapid pace for his coworkers and followers. Yet he had almost a womanly concern for those who were ill, and a keen and generous sympathy for those in sorrow. His kindly yet incisive humor made the most ordinary items in *THE FIELD AFAR* sparkle.

Because of his singular selflessness, he could and did ask for financial help without embarrassment; and because the people of the United States were interested in the new Seminary, had given to it generously and it was, in a very true sense, their own, he was almost scrupulous in keeping them informed of its progress, its undertakings, outstanding gifts it had received, or necessary expenditures it had made. His gratitude was marked and remarkable and every gift was appreciated not simply for itself, but in relation to the giver.

Next to the motto which he chose later for his episcopal shield, "*Primum Regnum Dei*", there is hardly anything more characteristic of his outlook than the short talk which he gave to Mary-

knollers in 1917, on the eve of his departure for the Orient to arrange for a Maryknoll mission field there:

"In the past few weeks I have been asked many times who will guide Maryknoll while I am absent. This was a very natural question for people outside to ask, and there was only one answer to it,—God. God has guided Maryknoll so far. The work is His. . . . Any work of God can get along without any man, and God will show how well our Society can prosper without the extra effort of any individual. The sooner we who aspire to the life of the missionary realize the wonderful Providence of God, the better it will be for us."

THE CHIEF PROVIDENTIAL MEANS THROUGH WHICH

Father Price—

Father Price had his own splendid quota of qualities to add—his simplicity and heartiness, his capacity for work, self-denial and charity, and an outstanding love of Our Lady and her favored little Bernadette of Lourdes. He had already spent twenty-five missionary years in North Carolina and the treasure thus hoarded could not be hid. One could not help but see that he was happily unaware of what kind of food he ate or what kind of clothes he wore, that he never remembered himself and that he would literally go to the ends of the earth to save one soul.

"Teresians"—

It was to these two cofounders of the Society that we made our applications for an opportunity to serve the foreign mission cause, it was to them we reported for work to do, under their guidance and with their help that we met our first trials and made our first attempts. Their interest and anxieties were known and shared. A rise in the circulation of *THE FIELD AFAR*, a generous and unexpected gift received at one of the many critical times, the interest and kindness of Cardinal Farley and Monsignor Dunn, these things gave us, as well as them, happiness.

By May, 1913, when Cardinal Farley came to visit Maryknoll, we were grown up enough to be called "Teresians" (after St. Teresa who saved so many souls although she never entered the mission field) and we were wearing a gray uniform, which the Cardinal liked "very much". In the following November a short article entitled, "*The Teresians of Maryknoll*", appeared in *THE FIELD AFAR*, "featuring" the nine of us, telling how our little organization originated, what its work and daily schedule were like and stating that, some day, Maryknoll would not be able to hold us all.

Recognized by Rome—

And now—it can't and doesn't. We overflowed no less than five small houses on the Seminary property and then we built our Motherhouse across the road and now we have fairly filled that and, all the while, since 1921, there

IT APPEALS

THE ANNUITY IDEA
appeals—it is such an easy way to avoid will breaking, helping yourself and us at the same time.

have been yearly departures for the missions. Yet growth was slow in the years of preparation and training for, in 1920, at our recognition by Rome and canonical foundation as the *Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic*, there were still only thirty-five of us to celebrate that glad event. Now there are five hundred and eleven joying in Maryknoll's Silver Anniversary.

Over half of these are doing missionary work in China, Korea, Manchukuo, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, as well as on our own Pacific coast. In all, there are thirty-five mission houses, some of them tiny outposts in the interior managed by two or three Sisters; others, large houses in great centres like Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong or Dairen, where the staff may number fifteen or twenty.

Outside of the divine causes for the growth of a missionary sisterhood, two of the chief reasons why our numbers have increased so rapidly are, first of all, the knowledge and love which American Catholic girls have of the missions, and secondly, the fact that, in our ranks, there is an opportunity for every type of talent. There is little danger that, in activities which include medical work in hospital and dispensary, teaching in schools or in homes, social service, the making and maintaining of homes for the blind, orphans, the aged, the training of Oriental young women for the sisterhood—any one with good will may not be able to find a place to use her gifts for God.

Across the Pacific—

So often we are asked, "How do you start a mission?" And the answer is—that we don't. Usually, we have been preceded by the Fathers. When the locality and its needs have become familiar, we are invited and in we go,

the choice of work dependent on both the needs of the place and its people, and on our own resources in staff and finances.

To instance some examples. In Loting, South China, where the custom of abandoning babies is widely practiced, we have a crèche and an orphanage where these little waifs are rescued, baptized and, if possible, saved to become strong and perfect Christians.

In Hong Kong, where the wealthy Chinese girls can be a powerful force for good or evil, we have a school which prepares them for the Oxford examinations and, at the same time, inculcates Christian ethics.

In Manila, where the poor of the old walled city suffer from undernourishment, overcrowding and the merciless heat of the tropics, we have a visiting nurses' service which makes as many as 1,500 monthly contacts, treating some of the sick in their homes, bringing others for hospitalization to St. Paul's, our hospital in that city, distributing food and medicine to those who need it, and instructing groups in personal and home hygiene.

In Korea, where the education of women has been singularly neglected, there is a school which divides its time between the 3 R's and industrial work so that, possessing the rudiments of learning and knowing a self-supporting trade, the young women will have some security.

By inviting us to take charge of the women's division of the *Shanghai Mercy Hospital* for the mentally ill, Mr. Lo Pa Hong has introduced us to yet another means of approach. Here there is opportunity both to alleviate the misery of these suffering people and to show their more fortunate countrymen that the charity of Christ extends even to these most despised of men—for extremely little has been done in China for persons afflicted with nervous diseases and, frequently, through lack of understanding, they have been abused and punished for their affliction.

Forming Native Sisterhoods—

One of our works which we hold most important is the training of Native Sisterhoods. We have, under our direction, a group in Manchukuo and

A MISSIONARY SPIRIT HAS BEEN AROUSED

in Korea, as well as three in South China, one of which has recently held its first Profession ceremony.

Since the Church is both wise and Catholic, she knows that the permanent building up of the Church in the Orient must be done by native religious, priests, and prelates. No matter to what nationality we may belong, it is always "our own" who best know our needs, our sorrows and our sins, who can approach us most easily and help us most surely. This is as true of the Korean and the Chinese as it is of us.

So our Sisters who train these young Oriental women do not try to westernize them, to teach them English or "foreign ways". They share their candidates' food, their recreation and work, trying to build up in each a stalwart Christian character which will be cap-

able of giving deep love and faithful service to Christ. And all the while our Sisters have to realize, humbly, that their own manners, characteristics, color—and noses!—may be to a soul an obstacle which only God's grace can surmount.

The Hilltop "Power House"—

An aspect of our work for which we have a special affection is our Cloister Branch, in existence only since October, 1932, but planned since our foundation. Only when we moved into our Motherhouse was a small house on the tip of our hilltop free to become the first foundation of this branch of our work, which is an integral and important part of our congregation. Dedicated to prayer and penance for Christ's missions and missionaries, the cloistered Sis-

ters are both the support and the consolation of all Maryknollers.

Ecce Ancilla Domini—

Since its early days, our Community has constantly known both a large share of illness and a small share of financial means. True, it is no trial for a religious to be poor, but a Christian does find it a cross not to be able to discharge just debts, and a missionary finds it heartbreaking to see God's work waiting for lack of means. Yet it is not for us to look into the future and ask in dismay, "How?" but merely to concede here and now and gladly, "*Ecce Ancilla Domini!*" For the same God who initiates the work will bring it also, in time, to completion.



THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME CAME TO EIGHT LITTLE JAPANESE GIRLS OF THE MARYKNOLL ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL IN LOS ANGELES WHEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE, CHILD FILM STAR, INVITED THEM TO LUNCHEON AT THE FOX STUDIOS. PRESENT AT THIS MEETING OF EAST AND WEST WERE FATHER FRANCIS CAFEY, M.M., OF LAWRENCE, MASS. (LEFT) AND FATHER HUGH LAVERY, M.M., OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

IN THE UNITED STATES. — CARDINAL DOUGHERTY.

Mathusalem Struts His Act

*By the Most Reverend James E. Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md.,
Vicar Apostolic of the Kongmoon Maryknoll, South China*



MATHUSALEM MOK WAS A MATCH NOT MERELY FOR CADETS, BUT FOR THE MOST TRUCULENT SOLDIERS. HE LEFT THEM UNDER A STRONG IMPRESSION THAT IN MATHUSALEM THEY SAW SOMETHING MORE THAN MET THE EYE



In a sense Mathusalem Mok missed his vocation. If all the world is a stage and each one of four hundred million Chinese a distinguished actor thereon, Mathusalem must have been intended to be a star of stars. Of pantomime he was a finished master. With one sentence and a few priceless gestures that generally included a dramatic appeal to the skies above, he would make an importunate coolie suddenly cease his demands for more money, and slink away as if he had been detected in the act of trying to poison his grandmother. With a pitying smile and a bored reference to the last time he drank tea with a dozen head-generals, he bundled truculent soldiers out of the mission compound, leaving them un-

der a strong impression that in Mathusalem they saw something more than met the eye.

It is true that in spite of these talents there were those who wondered just what Father O'Farrell saw in the catechist he had chosen to assist him in his evangelistic labors. Mathusalem was certainly not a scholar. His knowledge of theology was meagre. He was a mixer, but not a convert-maker, as he mixed too much and too often to mix very long in any one place.

A Commonplace Problem—

Now one fine morning in June, Father O'Farrell found himself facing a problem that was one too many for him. It was not a very tragic nor even an unusual problem. Just the mere commonplace of somebody occupying one of his village chapels. True, the Church had owned the chapel for forty years. But

the usurpers were the most powerful clan in Tea Mountain village, which meant that they were quite prepared to go to considerable lengths in order to assert their claim. The Church had its deed, of course, but unfortunately it had never been recorded. The missionary felt the weakness of the position. "Boy," he shouted, "invite Mr. Mok to ascend."

Mathusalem bustled up in his long gown, with his akimbo arms hidden within its capacious sleeves. He bowed respectfully to Father O'Farrell. "Father," he said consolingly, "the affair is easy. We shall find a remedy. Do not suspend your heart. The best thing to do is to go over to Tea Mountain and see their deed. They claim to have one, you know. But it must be false."

"Why not simply ask the police to handle it?" Father O'Farrell preferred a sedentary solution whenever possible. "The Church has a deed, you know."

"Has it got the red seal on it?"

Father O'Farrell swung around. "No, hang it, it hasn't. When old Father Marechal took the deed to the Yamen to be recorded, they threw him out. You know how it was in those days. And the deed has never been stamped since."

"That's the reason I think we had better go over there to settle the case," replied Mathusalem, who knew these circumstances very well.

"My opinion conforms to yours," agreed the priest. "A white deed will have little chance at the Yamen." However, Father O'Farrell was not entirely convinced that it devolved upon him to undertake an all-day jaunt to Tea Mountain in the hot sun. "But here is another factor. Our white deed won't have much chance with these Tea Mountain people, either. They will say the same thing."

"Perhaps," smiled Mathusalem. "Still, our deed is a lot better than theirs. After all, their deed, white or red, must be a fake. And we shan't need to go all the way to Tea Mountain, Father. We can meet them at Fragrant Hollow Market. And, anyhow, our visit will scare them."

These were solid arguments to Father O'Farrell, particularly the suggestion of the shorter journey. "Order a sedan chair for tomorrow," he replied.

"Wait, I'll give you the bargain money." He started rummaging his desk for a roll of silver.

Mathusalem Has An Idea—

The restive eyes of his catechist roved over the desk and chanced to rest on a curious article. By atavistic instinct he at once asked what it was and how much it cost. "That thing? It's a magnifying glass," said the priest. "Not worth much. Dollar or two perhaps."

Mathusalem tested the glass on a newspaper. The size of the characters surprised him. An idea popped into his head. "Mind if we take this glass along, Father? Might come in handy"

Father O'Farrell was accustomed to sudden and queer ideas on the part of his eccentric catechist, and he had fallen into the habit of yielding to these harmless idiosyncrasies. It sometimes turned out that Mathusalem had a method in his madness. So the magnifying glass went to Fragrant Hollow in the priest's pocket.

After the long chair ride the next day Father O'Farrell was too tired to do anything more than eat his rice, say his breviary, and go to bed. Mathusalem, who had walked the whole way, was bright and chipper, and instead of resting when they arrived, he continued on for another hour to Tea Mountain village, in order to interview the opposition. When he returned to Fragrant Hollow, he had successfully arranged a conference with the missionary as the best way to settle the dispute.

The Conference—

After rice the next morning, three elders of the Chan clan who could not write their own names, aided and abetted by one very smooth-looking younger Chan who had studied books, put in a ceremonious appearance at the Fragrant Hollow rendezvous. The well-dressed young spokesman cleared his throat. "We are all good friends, so it is easy to discuss this little affair. Only the Spiritual Father, of course, does not understand our Chinese customs. So I am explaining. . . ."

"I understand this much," broke in Father O'Farrell bluntly. "The Church has owned that land for forty years. Suddenly you claim it. How do you explain that? Have you got a deed?"

The young Chan signed to the oldest elder, and that patriarch began to fumble laboriously in his jacket pocket. He brought out a faded envelope, and extracted from it a document apparently yellow with age. "There is our deed," he said solemnly. "Of course, we have a deed."

Mathusalem Mok took the stage. He picked up the deed and squinted at it very knowingly. It had the red seal on it all right enough, but that did not disturb Mathusalem. He held it up to study it. He shook his head. All



"THE YOUNG CHAN SIGNED TO THE OLDEST ELDER"

this time he did not so much as glance at the Chan clan. Father O'Farrell did, however, and found them shifting uneasily on their seats. Mathusalem returned to the deed, suddenly seemed to catch something he had not seen before, snatched it up, looked at it intently, and then threw it back on the table, letting his hand thump the board with a resounding whack. "Honorable Sirs," he said, "this deed. . . ." He stopped as if to reconsider. "Between good friends it is hard to say such words. No, we will not even mention the deed. Just tear it up, and say no more."

The Chans were uneasy, but they did not intend to give up the contest as easily as this. The young spokesman

showed his mettle. "What!" he shouted, jumping to his feet. "Tear up our deed? What's the matter with our deed?"

Mathusalem's outstretched arm waved him down. "All right, Mr. Chan. Enough said. You take the consequences." He walked over to Father O'Farrell. "Did you bring the glass with you, Father? Please lend it to me until I examine this deed."

Mathusalem Struts His Act—

Father O'Farrell brought out the package and handed it to his catechist. Mathusalem put the glass to his eye, and took one intent look at the deed. Then he straightened up dramatically. "False!" he shouted. "A false deed! Plain as day!" He strode across the floor to the head elder, and shook the deed before his face, leaving it just long enough for the astonished old eyes to focus for an instant on the enormous characters revealed by the glass. To each he gave a fleeting glance in turn.

One old elder reached down quietly and picked up his immense straw hat. He arose, bowed jerkily without a word, and slid out the door. The others quickly and silently followed suit. The Chan clan was sidling across the rice-fields, and the conference was over.

The Very Best of Proof—

Father O'Farrell looked at his catechist in mystified admiration. "Mathusalem," he said, "I give you credit. But look here. Do you mean to tell me that magnifying glass scared them? Are those people really as simple as that?"

"Well, it doesn't take much to scare a guilty conscience, Father. And those old chaps never saw a magnifying glass before." Mr. Mok permitted himself a chuckle. "Of course, I don't say it fooled the young fellow. But I wasn't worried about him."

The missionary was still in the dark. He gave a patient sigh. "Why not?" he pursued perseveringly.

"Oh, I already had him in the bag. Last night, you know. I gave him a little rope, and he . . . well, he made a mistake that is very common in our country. In fact, he proved the deed was false himself. Yes, the very best of proof." Mathusalem smiled at the priest. "He offered me thirty dollars to say it was genuine."



THE LATE FATHER WILLIAM STEPHENS KRESS, M.M., WHO AFTER AN APOSTOLATE OF OVER THIRTY YEARS AMONG NON-CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES, PIONEERED AGAIN, ENLISTING IN THE NEWLY-FORMED RANKS OF MARYKNOLL, THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Twice A Pioneer

NOT Maryknoll alone but the entire Church in America lost a valiant figure with the death at Los Angeles on March first of Father William Stephens Kress.

Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland some forty years ago held himself responsible for all who lived within the confines of his diocese, non-Catholics as well as those of the Fold. He did not claim to be the first in his part of the country to entertain this view of things, but he gave a new turn to the idea by establishing the Cleveland Apostolate which was to attack the prob-

lem systematically.

Three priests were appointed to this Apostolate: Father Ignatius J. Wonderley, Father Kress and Father Edward P. Graham, now pastor of St. John the Baptist Church, Canton, Ohio. The first two are now dead, and it fell to Father Graham to preach Father Kress's eulogy at the impressive pontifical requiem in the Cleveland Cathedral, March fifth—for, although the funeral was held in Los Angeles, Bishop Schrembs felt that a special observance should be conducted in Cleveland.

Circumstances brought about

the discontinuance of the Cleveland Apostolate. In 1920, when already thirty-two years a priest and enjoying the satisfaction of a long and successful career as pastor of St. Edward's parish in Cleveland, Father Kress gave his resignation in order to join Maryknoll.

It was not feasible for him to take his place in the line, among the young missionaries overseas who were at that time studying new languages and adapting themselves to strange countries. He fitted admirably, however, into the task of reaching the Orientals under the American flag and he spent the greater part of the last sixteen years of his life laboring for the Japanese on the Pacific Coast and among Orientals in Honolulu.

Father Kress was forty-eight years a priest when he passed away. He was born in East Liverpool, Ohio, February 15, 1863. Ordained at St. Mary's Seminary, May 26, 1888, he was in the first group to enter the Catholic University at Washington. Much of his zeal and power as a preacher he attributed to Father Elliott of the Paulists, who was always very proud of Father Kress's achievements.

On March fifth, in Los Angeles, in the Cathedral of St. Vibiana, which was filled with Oriental and American friends, his funeral was held. He lies buried under the pepper tree in the Maryknoll plot in the Los Angeles cemetery.

Father Kress's old companion, Father Graham, says of him that up to the very end he began each day's work, "*forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth to those that are before* (Phil. 3, 13)." He was interested in souls to the last.

"Maryknoll's Father Phelan"

WHEN on the evening of last March twenty-sixth the pastor of the Church of the Most Holy

SHOULD DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO ENCOURAGE

Trinity, Mamaroneck, New York, suffered a heart attack and died within a few minutes, he was mourned not only in his native state and country but in islands of the Pacific, in South China, Manchukuo, Korea, Japan, and Rome. The connection between Mamaroneck and these distant lands, you ask? The answer is, *Maryknoll*, and Dr. Thomas P. Phelan's great-hearted and devoted service to the mission cause in helping for over a score of years to mold American apostles for the fields afar.

Doctor Phelan joined the Maryknoll Faculty in 1914, when the pioneer priests, Brothers and students of the Society were all grouped in the original transformed-farmhouse Pro-Seminary. Ever since, almost up to the time of his passing, he has twice weekly traveled miles to lecture to our aspirant missionaries. Under his quietly unpretentious exterior he was a man of great learning and our students were signally privileged in having him for a professor. More privileged still, however, were they in so many years of contact with his truly priestly soul. Kindly, genial, unassuming, and singlehearted in God's service, his was no small contribution to the fashioning of the "Maryknoll Spirit" in successive generations of missionaries.

"Maryknoll's Father Phelan" was born in New York City, in 1869. He studied at Cathedral College and Manhattan College and even in those days had a marked love for intellectual pursuits. He was ordained from St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., in 1890, where he was a classmate of another Maryknoll friend from the earliest days, the late Bishop Dunn. He took postgraduate courses at Columbia and New York Universities, and won several high academic degrees.

He was an authority on early American Catholic history and wrote several books on this sub-

ject. He was a trustee of the American Historical Society.

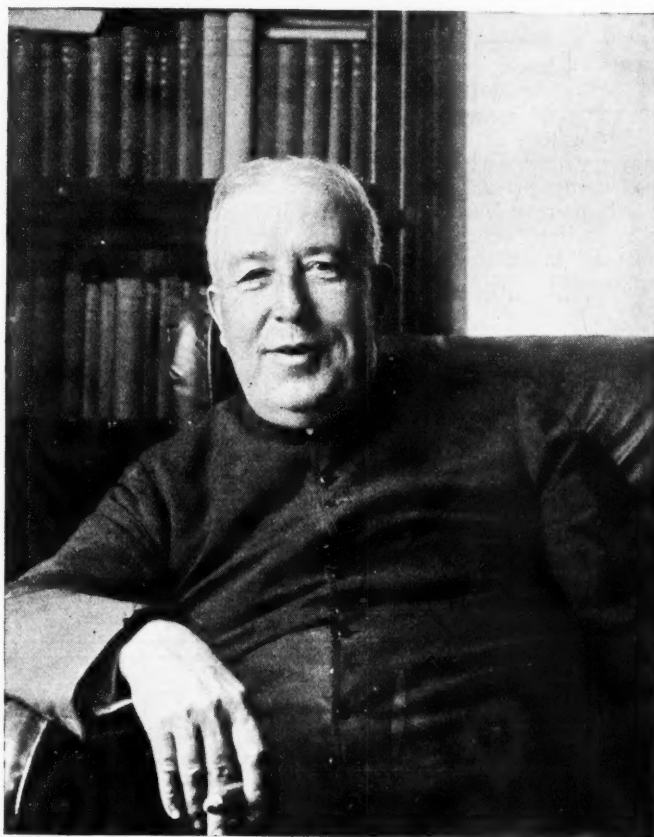
About thirty years ago, Father Phelan helped to establish the Knights of Columbus Lecture Bureau and since then has given over 500 lectures under Knights of Columbus auspices, mostly on historical subjects.

His literary pursuits never interfered with his parish duties. Pastor at Brewster, New York, for twelve years, he was loved and respected by non-Catholics as well as by his own flock. Transferred in 1924 to Mamaroneck, he erected there a fine parochial school.

At his passing over 200 priests attended his funeral and the Mam-

aroneck church was unable to contain hundreds of the laity who had assembled to give him this last evidence of their love and veneration. Death revealed the greatness his simplicity had so long concealed.

No one, unless our late beloved General, looked forward more eagerly than Father Phelan to the celebration of Maryknoll's Twenty-fifth Anniversary. We are glad in the thought that he whose presence was an indispensable feature of all our big days will on this one be a fondly familiar figure with Maryknoll-in-Heaven.



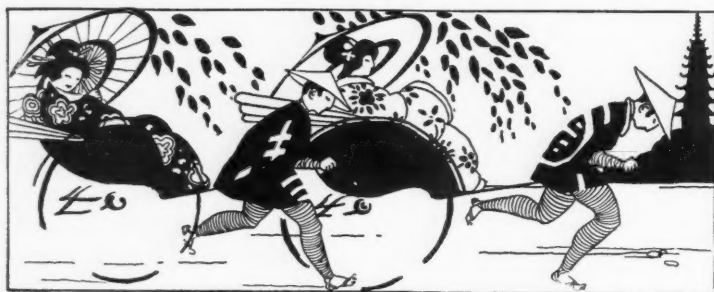
DR. THOMAS P. PHELAN, OF NEW YORK CITY, BREWSTER, MAMARONECK, AND MARYKNOLL

A member of the Maryknoll Faculty since 1914, Father Phelan has played no small part in molding American apostles for the fields afar

THEIR GENEROUS ASPIRATIONS. — ARCHBISHOP McNICHOLAS.

The Play's the Thing

By S. M. I.



ACK O'BRIEN, President of *The Foreign Mission Club* with headquarters at Pacifico Street, Los Angeles, stood before his mirror eagerly scanning the position of his necktie.

Dashing down the hall he stopped abruptly before an open door which revealed his sister Dorothy patiently scrutinizing her "permanent" in the dresser's triple mirror.

"Say, Sis," hailed a none too gentle voice, "got any cash to spare?"

Dorothy continued her self-observation for an exasperating second before replying, "You may have a dime, providing that you do not ask me for another cent before this month is out."

"Oh, all right," said the greedy recipient pocketing his dime, "think you're Greta Garbo or somethin', doncha?"

Dorothy who secretly yearned to resemble the "Swedish Sphinx" turned an infuriated face toward her small brother, who hastily descended a nearby staircase, three steps at a time.

The Foreign Mission Club's Great Moment—

Successfully begging more money from his mother who was unaware of the transaction upstairs, Jack left the house, rushing through the garden to the street where Jacob Rabinovitch,

Sergei Fedoroff and Juana Gomez awaited him. A great moment had come into their lives. For the first time in the history of their organization they were to visit the Maryknoll School—that unique institution of learning made famous in local history by their small Japanese secretary, Teruko Akiyama. And now an additional honor had been bestowed upon the club, for Teruko was taking part in the school play.

Arriving in the school auditorium a full hour before the scheduled time, the Jewish, Russian, Mexican and American quartet gazed in fascinated wonder on the hall, fast becoming occupied. Japanese papas and mamas, grandpas and grandmas, uncles and aunts, with babies of all ages and sizes, filed in that they might see their darlings perform.

A group of Americans, including several priests and Sisters of various Orders, took places in rows reserved for them.

"Guess we're in for a swell affair," whispered Jacob as the footlights flamed to the accompaniment of music. A Japanese friend of Teruko gracefully slid into the seat beside Juana. The little

Mexican girl turned toward her gratefully. Now she could talk with a kindred spirit and not bother with those stuffy, old boys.

The Yellow Rose—

When the curtain rose upon a Biblical setting Jack was literally struck dumb. Jacob, his dark eyes filled with awe, gazed enraptured, his appreciative soul thrilling to the scene which reproduced the times and customs of his ancestors. Sergei's bulging eyes were ably supplemented by his widely opened mouth, while Juana felt that she had indeed reached *El Paradiso*. But while everything on the stage proved to be of untold interest, the eyes of *The Foreign Mission Club* were riveted upon Teruko—a Teruko so glorified that she seemed the creature of another sphere. This little Japanese, clad in trailing robes, with jewels flashing in her blue-black hair, and her amber skin delicately tinted with rose, could not be the Teruko who bossed them around in Jack's back yard; she was a fairy princess!

An American lady, inclined to be poetical, occupied the seat directly in front of Jack. Turning to her companion she pointed to Teruko, exclaiming, "Look at that child. She is the living personification of a yellow rose."

The yellow rose's American confrère could contain himself no longer. Tapping the startled lady on her ample shoulder he whispered, "That kid you were talkin' about is our friend." A wave of his hand included his companions, proudly basking in their accomplished friend's reflected glory. The woman smiled kindly at the oddly assorted group, then all resumed their observation of the stage.

"My Sister"—

After the play, Teruko, still in costume and accompanied by her proud mother, bade her visitors wait in the auditorium until she should call for them.

In a short time Teruko returned, bringing in her wake that sadly misunderstood being, the oft-quoted and by other members of the Club much-abhorred teacher, to whom she invariably referred as, "my Sister". Teruko's teacher proved a pleasant contradiction

LIFE INSURANCE

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Others have found this a practical means of helping the missions.

to the conception hitherto entertained of her by the children, by Jack in particular, who had been forced so often to listen to her proverbial remarks quoted for his benefit by the Mission Club secretary.

"My Sister says you can all come to our class room until I get my things together," announced Teruko.

As "my Sister" led the way upstairs Jack compared her gray habit with the black one worn by his teacher, his heart torn with a loyalty that prevented his admitting he liked the gray one better. Jacob kept his eyes on the crucifix attached to the Sister's rosary. Juana fell whole-heartedly in love with Teruko's teacher and fervently wished she could come to the Maryknoll School. Sergei, who had reached a state of stupefaction, could only look on in utter astonishment.

In the class room "my Sister" left the group together, while she busied herself with the small Japanese mortals clamoring for attention.

Jack Explains the Religious Life—

"Oh, Teruko," cried Juana, "anything would I geeve if only such preety clothes I could wear."

"Where did you get all those spiffy clothes?" interrogated Jacob, who always believed in getting to the heart of things.

"My Sister made them," answered Teruko, with a proud little toss of her head.

"What a woman!" sighed Jacob, lost in total admiration before such genius. "Say, she would be swell in my uncle Isaac's tailoring business."

Jack gave a withering laugh before he proceeded to enlighten the Club's treasurer with a lofty explanation concerning the religious life, about which he knew practically nothing. Poor Jacob turned a bewildered face toward the Sister, who scenting discord was approaching the quintet. Questioning Teruko as to the disturbance she smiled at the curly-haired lad with the serious, dark eyes, wondering if by chance another little Jewish Boy had looked something like this one in the long, long ago.

"Lady," said Jacob, mustering his courage at the sight of the kindly smile, "I was just telling these kids that you'd

make good in my uncle's tailoring shop, but they say I'm all wrong."

"My Sister" explained very simply to Jacob the purpose of her life. He listened intently, then questioned her regarding the performance he had just witnessed. "Did all that really and truly happen?" he inquired, "or was it just make believe?"

Jacob Makes a Request—

"That part of the play which told about Jesus was really true," replied the Sister, who went on to relate how



IN OR OUT OF A PLAY, TERUKO IS WELL QUALIFIED BY THE TITLE, "YELLOW ROSE"

the little Jesus came to earth centuries ago.

"And what about her?" asked Jacob, "the one the Gentiles say was His Mother? Was she so beautiful, and was she a Jewess?"

"She was very beautiful," assented Sister, "and she was also a Jewess."

"Tell me about her," demanded Jacob. Complying with his request, the gray gown'd missionary told once more the old, old story, ever new.

"My grandfather," mused Jacob sadly, "does not believe the Messiah has come."

"If you'd only get your grandfather to come to my church like what I told you," stated Jack, "he'd sure learn lots."

Jacob faced the Club's president, drawing himself to full height. "My grandfather," he explained with dignity, "is a Jewish Rabbi. He cannot attend Gentile services."

Foreseeing a clash Sister interposed, "God will take care of Jacob's grandfather who, judging from what Teruko has told me, must be a good, kind man."

Jacob beamed at her gratefully. He could understand now why Teruko liked "my Sister".

"Now we must go," said Sister, glancing at the clock, "your parents will be wondering what has kept you so long. Teruko's mother left here some time ago."

"Tell me," pleaded Jacob as he prepared to depart, "tell me the name of the lovely Jewish lady."

"Her name is Mary," answered Sister, "but your people, Jacob, would have called her Miriam."

The small Hebrew's dark eyes glowed. "That was my mother's name," he said. "She died when I was a little baby."

Taking the boy's hand Teruko's teacher led him toward the door. "Could I come to see you sometime, Lady. . . I mean, Sister?" begged Jacob, "or do you only like Japanese boys?"

"I like all little boys, Jacob," replied his new friend as she locked the class room door.

The End of a Perfect Day—

The *Foreign Mission Club* departed, and reaching Jack's house they were informed by his mother that Mrs. Akiyama had prepared a Japanese supper for Teruko's friends in order to celebrate her daughter's rise to fame. Mrs. O'Brien looked over her son to ascertain if he still remained in a respectable condition. "You may go," she told the squirming president, "but be sure you behave yourself . . . and for pity's sake don't eat too much. That little Japanese woman is so polite I know you will horrify her in some way."

"Don't worry about me," advised Jack as he departed with his associates to obtain their elders' permission for the unexpected treat; then, as an afterthought penetrated his tawny head, he called, "Hey, Ma! It'll be a Japanese supper. Leave lots in the pantry so I kin have a good feed when I get home. O.K.?"

The Secret Lies In Their Sacrifices

ANNIVERSARIES lead to retrospect and, looking back over our Society's first quarter of a century, we are thoroughly alive to the part which thousands of lay people, many in humble circumstances, have played in making Maryknoll what it is. "How explain this phenomenal growth?" men are wont to ask. "Mr. White and Mrs. Bright, the citizens of Catholic America, know the secret", we always answer. The secret lies in their sacrifices.

There, for instance, are those recent donors of "*Stringless*" Gifts running into three and four figures. They wrote to us from Boston, Mass., St. Paul, Minn., New York City, New Haven, Conn., Dorchester Center, Mass., Union City, N. J., San Jose, Calif., and Quincy, Mass.

Our *St. Vincent De Paul*, No. 2 (*Reserved*) Student Burse, to which a notable addition was recently made, will soon reach the moment of "going over the top".

The *Cecilia Anne Flynn* Burse, for the training expenses of a Native Seminarian in one of our mission fields, was founded by a friend in Roxbury, Mass., and benefactors residing in San Francisco, Calif., and Passaic, N. J., made sizable additions to two of our other *Native Clergy Burses*.

Investments in *Maryknoll Annuities* were made by friends in Cincinnati, O., Salem, Mass., Chicago, Ill., West Palm Beach, Fla., St. Francis, Wis., and Brookline, Mass.

Generous aid in the education expenses of *Maryknoll Seminarians* was given us by benefactors in Albion, N. Y., Hamilton, O., Little Chute, Wis., and New York City.

A *Memorial Room* in our Major Seminary was secured by an apostolic partner in Salem, Mass.

The wherewithal to provide one of our *Overseas Missioners* with "rice and

the fixings" for a hundred days came to us from Lockport, N. Y.

Through the Syracuse, N. Y., office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith a *Fund for Masses* was received.

Our *Transpacific Maryknolls* profited by the generosity of benefactors in St. Paul, Minn., Cincinnati, O., Calumet City, Ill., and Baltimore, Md.

From Philadelphia, Pa., White Plains, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill., came notable

THE PLAY'S THE THING

FOREIGN missions offer bright color and thrilling drama for the stage and we plan to help you taste of it.

We are establishing the MARYKNOLL PLAY LIBRARY in September, and will have something to say about it in the Midsummer Field Afar.

aid in the vital work of training *Oriental Seminarians* for the native priesthood.

South China Lepers under the care of Maryknollers were remembered by mission-lovers in Hartford, Conn., New York City, Berkeley, Calif., Roxbury, Mass., Cincinnati, O., Holyoke, Mass., Wakefield, Mass., Calumet City, Ill., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Six *Wills* matured in favor of Maryknoll recently, and we were named as beneficiaries in three others.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph Riesterer;

Very Rev. L. Riesen; Rev. Wm. A. Cahill; Rev. John A. Fitzgerald; Rev. Michael F. Ambrose; Rev. T. Day; Rev. John J. Faber; Rev. Francis Fitzmaurice; Rev. Otto A. Bauer; Rev. P. Beeker; Rev. Hubert Hammeke; Rev. George J. Muenzer; Rev. John Casey; Rev. E. Suppan; Rev. Thomas Murray; Rev. Edmund Basel; Rev. William J. O'Shea; Rev. John McHugh; Rev. James Duggan; Rev. Ignatius McNamee; Rev. Stewart Cain; Rev. Thomas Dempsey, O.P.; Rev. Timothy Moynihan; Rev. J. P. Welsh; Rev. Edward A. Williams; Rev. John Faughnan; Rev. George J. Dixon; Rev. Paul Dillon; Sister M. Scholastica Blatte; Sister M. Reginald Brennan; Sister Mary of the Ascension; Sister M. Antonia Daly; Mrs. John Hunt; Mr. P. H. Murphy; Mrs. Patrick Stack; Mr. Edward Kecnan; Mrs. Hanna Cavagnaro; Mr. Charles Koch; Mr. John Maloney; Mr. Thomas Maloney; Mrs. Juliana Syretchen; Mr. Louis Van Orshoven; Mrs. Frances Phinn; Mrs. Mary Holter; Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Mr. Albert Wieland; Mr. John Deering; Mrs. J. Gilmartin; Mrs. Marie Mueller; Mr. Harry J. Kihn; Virginia Moisson; Mrs. J. Bapst Blake; Mary F. Mahoney; Mr. Joseph T. Burns; J. N. Lauth; Mr. Thomas Kelly; Mrs. J. J. Fay; Mrs. James Megarry; Theresa Casey; Mr. Benedict Weber; Mr. Frank Meyers; Mr. Michael Robers; Mrs. Gertrude Manning Hoey; Mrs. Nora O'Neill; Dr. E. J. Eyttinge; Mary T. Clifford; Henrietta Moeller; Mary McDermott; Ellen O'Donnell; Mrs. Coggin; Mr. Chas. Doherty; Marie L. Amos; Katherine H. Foley; Mrs. Susan McKendry; Mr. Keasel; Mrs. Patrick Daley; Mrs. Mary Howell; Matilda Janes; Mary Kerwin; Katherine M. Brennan; Mr. Henry Verstraete; Mr. James J. Kecnan; Mr. Matthew Kramer; Margaret Dunlop; Mrs. D. Dilworth; Mary J. Henry; Mrs. Buckley; Josephine H. Goodger; Miss Fitzsimons; Miss R. H. Cahill; Mrs. M. Sison; Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson; Mr. Joseph H. McCarron; Mrs. F. M. Schafer; Mrs. Mary Caughlin Connor; Agnes Flanagan; Mrs. Limoli.

CHRIST GAVE WHAT HE GAVE FOR ALL. — SAINT AUGUSTINE.

The Good Ship Silver Jubilee

AHOY! mates for the Silver Sea!
 There's many a catch for you and me,
 We'll eat white rice, drink China tea,
 When we go a'fishing on the Silver Sea.
 Ahoy! Ahoy! for the Fisherman's Sea!
 Sail away, mates, to the Silver Sea
 On the good old ship Silver Jubilee—
 For twenty-five years, she's weathered the sea—
 The good old ship Silver Jubilee.
 She's docked, my mates, at Maryknoll Port,
 She's hoisting sails for the fishing sport.
 Come on, mates, we'll be the crew—
 Ahoy! you fishermen, old and new!
 The fish we net will Christians be
 Who pagans are in a pagan sea;
 The fishermen—Maryknoll Juniors we.
 Ahoy! Ahoy! for the Fisherman's Sea!
 St. Peter great our Captain be
 When we go fishing on the Silver Sea,
 In the good old ship Silver Jubilee.
 We'll eat white rice, drink China tea;
 There's many a catch for you and me.
 Ahoy! mates for the pagan sea
 Where Maryknoll Juniors the fishermen be.
 And, mates, when our fishing party's done,
 Our Captain will steer the course we run
 Across the stormy Fisherman's Sea
 Straight to the Heavenly Port where he
 Unlocks the Gates with his silver key
 And docks our ship, Silver Jubilee!
 She'll be heavy with our catch from the Silver Sea—
 The good old ship Silver Jubilee!

—Johnny Junior, C.B. (Cabin Boy)



| | | |
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| JUNIOR ENROLLMENT FORM | | |
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| MY ADDRESS | | |
| MY AGE SCHOOL | | |

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Keep Coming!



"COME here, Father Frank," calls Father Jim, "and take a look at that old cat, Ah Mee. See how his orbs are glued on Ah Tzu's chopsticks. There's a 'keep coming' look in those green eyes of his that reminds me of you.

"You like that? Well, cross my heart, that day last week when the two 'Stringless Gifts' came in the morning's mail, the 'keep coming' gleam in your eye sort of got me, old-timer. I wish it could register with some American Ah Tzu back in the good, old U. S. A."



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Saturday, July 4th to Saturday, August 29th



RATES

\$14.00 a week, \$95.00 the season.

(A registration fee of \$10.00 is required. This is credited to the camper's bill.)

REQUIREMENTS

Each boy should be provided with 3 blankets, sheets, and pillowcases; equipment for tennis, baseball, and swimming; clothing for roughing it at Camp and on hikes.



ACTIVITIES

Swimming, baseball, tennis, handball, boxing, basketball and games (in the gym in inclement weather), fishing and hiking. Special features are hay rides, over-night hikes, campfires, lantern games, and an occasional movie. A most enjoyable experience is the four day canoe hike on the Susquehanna where it has cut its way through the wild and rugged country of northern Pennsylvania and New York.



ACCOMMODATIONS

The boys sleep in spring beds under Army pyramidal tents erected on wooden platforms which are raised above the ground. Meals are served indoors and are prepared under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters. The Camp is supervised by a Maryknoll Father, assisted by a group of seminarians as counsellors. A special Mass is offered daily in the college chapel at 7:30 for the convenience of the campers.



For further information address: THE CAMP DIRECTOR, "MARYKNOLL," CLARK'S SUMMIT, PENNA.



A CATHOLIC CAMP FOR BOYS

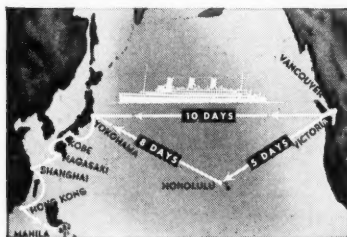


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TO THE
ORIENT

A Treasury of Thanks

¶ On June 29, 1936, MARY-KNOLL will be twenty-five.

¶ Join us, in our thanksgiving.

¶ 165 Maryknoll Missioners push on steadily in China, Manchukuo, Japan and Korea, winning over 5,000 yearly.



¶ Maryknoll houses in the homeland are training about 300 for the apostolate.

¶ We ask Maryknoll friends from coast to coast to pledge a gift of prayers to the

Anniversary Treasury

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1. fix a day or a week;
2. gather spiritual offerings—Masses celebrated or heard, Rosaries, Stations, and so forth.
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THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

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“EYES missionwards” is our watchword as we celebrate Maryknoll’s twenty-fifth birthday—June 29, 1936. Our six territories in the Far East, each the equivalent of a small diocese, report ever richer harvests; they now are winning over 5,000 converts annually.

And hence our Silver Anniversary problem. To train the newly-won after their conversion means a year’s labor, employing teachers, providing temporary chapels, and other needs. We find that the average cost is \$25 for each convert. Will you provide, in whole or in part, for the training of a convert?

Sponsor A Maryknoll Convert

The cost for a fortnight is only one dollar. Thus will you experience with the missionary the joy of bringing a new soul to Christ and, sharing in the sacrifice of an apostle, you will share also in his reward.



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